Volume LXIX CHICAGO, MARCH 7, 1912 Number 1

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1912. NUMBER 1.

Volume LXIX

Here we are at the end of another volume and at the beginning of another year. Volume LXVIII is finished and the thirty-fifth year begun with this issue. Volume sixty-nine and still the "beautiful death" that Walt Whitman chanted so well has not visited us, and we are not impatient. The flag we threw to the breeze thirty-four years ago still floats. We are not conscious of any change of base or principle. Whether there has been a growth in clearness or power it is for others to say.

We offer no apologies for the limited range of subject matter or ability. We are anxious only to have "kept the faith," and have no promises to make, other than that we are to keep at it. Strength and health permitting, another year's life is assured. The guarantors who for the last nine years have stood by uncomplaining are pledged to the task until March 1, 1914.

After that what? The Deluge, or rejuvenation?

We have not forgotten and do not propose to let our readers forget the UNITY Endowment Fund which we asked for at the completion of our thirty years' work. We then trusted that there were friends enough who believed in the cause and commended the spirit sufficiently to make UNITY a birthday present of an endowment fund at the rate of $1,000 for each year. The thirty-fifth birthday will come twelve months hence and the fund will have five thousand dollars more claim upon the UNITY readers, and they had better hurry up and close the account before it gets bigger. The total amount of the fund in bank on February 22, 1912, was $3,821.81, $248 of which had been added during the year. There is $590 in unpaid pledges on our books, making a total of $4,411.81 in sight, leaving a little over $25,000 yet to be raised. We beg our readers not to smile when we say that this is an easy job, for the four thousand dollars and over represents the widows' mite, the offering of the aged, the workers, the veterans, those who dwell in the valleys of California and who scratch for a living all the way from the Maine woods to the Dakota prairies. The prosperous men of business, bankers, manufacturers, the millionaires and the multi-millionaires have not yet been heard from. We cannot believe that UNITY has no part in the affection of these, or that its message is not one that appeals to them. We prefer to believe that they are waiting for the opportune time until the signal comes in a compelling manner from their ranks. The four thousand has come from about two hundred subscribers, which makes an average subscription of about twenty dollars a person. This is a high standard considering the sacrifice and the thoughtfulness involved in these subscriptions and pledges. But where are the men and the women whose benefactions at the same rate would mean a thousand units and ten and fifteen thousand maximums?

We do not wish to hurry you, Ladies and Gentlemen of the longer purses. We are in no immediate strain, any time between now and the first of March, 1914, will do. By that time we hope to report the fund complete and with perhaps an additional five thousand dollars thrown in for good measure.

There is but one escape from conscience on the part of those who believe and have enjoyed UNITY, who have not yet sacrificed for it, and that is the hope that before 1914 the Editor in Chief will be dead, or at least UNITY's life will have run to a close and hung up its fiddle and its bow. Let no one take refuge in the theory of the transitory, for, UNITY or no UNITY, with the Editor in Chief here or there, the cause of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion endures, the cause of international and inter-racial comity will stay. There will still be need of printed and spoken testimony to the Gospel of Peace, interdenominational and inter-racial peace, the faith of reason and, quite as necessary, the reason of faith. This fund is to be entrusted to no passing editorial committee, and its usefulness is not to be circumscribed by the life

of any periodical. It is to be a publication fund, entrusted to the self-perpetuating Board of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, a corporation that already holds in trust three hundred thousand dollars' worth of property, under which trust a growing work is carried on, now representing an annual investment of about twenty-five thousand dollars a year and with no arrearages at the end. It is a part of Chicago, and Chicago is growing and its lease of life is measured by centuries.

So, friends, take your time but when you are ready, send in your subscriptions. Remember that all funds and promises are held in trust until at least the thirty thousand dollar fund is realized. So here's for another year, and here's the hail and good-bye of the Editor in Chief who before these words are in type will have "escaped" the cold and the snow, the perplexities and the privileges of the editorial chair for one solitary month. The doors of the sanctum sanctorum will not open for him until Good Friday, April 5, 1912.

A Much Needed Consolidation

There are two great movements of the day which could render a mutual service by joining hands. They are both elemental awakenings of the highest nature in humanity. Their simultaneous emergence makes our age one of the most significant in history.

The one is the social awakening to a new sense of brotherhood and a passionate desire to give justice and opportunity to the less fortunate of our kinsmen. On the popular side it utters its longing in socialism and the labor movement; in its more academic phase in philanthropics, social settlements and a cry for reforms innumerable.

The other is the spiritual awakening, the revolt against materialism, the new enthusiasm for the ideal the yearning to escape from the limitations and slavery of mere physical routine, and explore and use the inner resources of the spirit world. It expresses itself on the popular side in Christian Science and New Thought; on the academic and literary, in the New Psychology, in the writings of men of genius like Maeterlinck. Emerson in America was perhaps the great forerunner of this idealistic movement which is advancing at full tide. The greatest philosopher of the day, Bergson, is trying to put its insights into the terms of philosophy and logic.

Both movements at their best are magnificent revelations of the soul of the twentieth century. But both are, at present, incomplete. The philanthropist and reformer tends to see only the misery at his feet, the enormous labor of social reconstruction. The misery is so appalling, the task of relieving it so momentous that he is driven faster and faster until often his nerves grow excited, the mind overwrought, and the high vision and hope which thrive only in tranquillity grow pale and dim. Social service may save the soul and raise men and women to the heights of holiness, but frequently it drives them to nervous prostration. On the other hand, the purely spiritual culture, while it makes its devotee serene as a spring morning, aglow with faith and optimism, conscious of spiritual union with an inward immensity, withdraws him as often from contact with rough men and brute facts. Intensive contemplation of the inward Deity in its earlier stages tends to make a man self-centered. Furthermore, even when he is philanthropic, it leads him to scorn rough material and provisional means of redeeming mankind.

These two great movements of the day need to unite. If the social worker could look toward the heights and gain the optimism and faith of the idealist, he would win a power no man can know while he merely gazes upon the misery at his feet. If he could retire often in prayer into the silent depths of his soul, he would come back to his reform with refreshment and faith and the invaluable power of keeping inward poise in the midst of outward discord. If the spiritual enthusiast could behold God not only in himself and the glory above him but in his wretched neighbor and the half-made world around him, he would gain a new desire to redeem that world and a willingness to use the tools of practical, everyday reform. He would find also the new spiritual dimension of him who loses his life for the Kingdom of God. Jesus had both the social enthusiasm of the reformer and the vision of the mystic. We need to move forward to his religion in its completeness.—Albert R. Vail.

William Dean Howells

William Dean Howells was born in Ohio 75 years ago today, (March 1). The whole country will unite in tribute to its most illustrious living writer. The President of the United States will take part in the loving commemoration in New York tomorrow. He could render no service which would be more representative of the national sentiment at this hour. Mr. Taft is also a son of Ohio, born at Cincinnati just 20 years after Howells first saw the light on the banks of the same river Ohio 200 miles eastward. The place of his birth was not Howells' "Boy's Town." That was much nearer Cincinnati, in the Miami Valley, whither the family removed soon after the boy's birth. Another removal took them to Jefferson, in the northeastern county of

the state, the home of Giddings and Wade, and perhaps the strongest anti-slavery town in all Ohio; and here, in 1857, when our present president was born in the southwestern county of the state, young Howells, steeped in anti-slavery, was working on his father's newspaper, or on a more important journal at the state capital. He was already writing poetry and sending articles to the magazines, and developing the strong political interest which was presently to make him the campaign biographer of Lincoln. That biography perhaps had more to do than anything else with making him our consul at Venice. As such he served throughout Lincoln's administration; and it was almost immediately after his return that, having first really introduced himself to the public by his "Venetian Life," he came to Boston, to the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly; and Boston and Cambridge were his home for nearly twenty years.

Mr. Howells' place in the world of American letters is not only at the present moment pre-eminent, but it has been altogether in many respects unique. The variety and scope of his work have been extraordinary. His industry and productivity have been prodigious. No one in our literary history has illustrated more conspicuously the truth that those who do great work usually do much work. No other American author has written so much that is so good. More books stand to his credit in his publishers' catalogues than he has had years in his life; and among living American writers there is no other who has given us so great a body of work comparable with his in significance, distinction and charm. Most of us think of him first doubtless as a writer of novels and stories, and his stories have certainly been the best American stories of the last generation; but the volumes of travel, drama, poetry and criticism which stand beside the stories on the shelf are together as great in number, and in quality adequate to make, if distributed, a dozen reputations. Besides the books there has been the enormous amount of journalistic and editorial work. No other American could fittingly have succeeded Curtis in the "Easy Chair" and sustained there month by month the high standard which had been set by the earlier occupant through the long years.

Besides "Venetian Life," there are half a dozen books which have to do with Italy; there are half as many which have to do with England; and there is the "Little Swiss Sojourn." Longfellow edited a library of more than thirty volumes of "Poems of Places." Mr. Howells' writings have been eminently writings of places. He has been a fond traveler; and we are sure soon to have a book on Spain as charming as the books on Italy and England, as every little sojourn of his is sure to produce some charming sketch like that the other day upon Bermuda. "Their Wedding Journey" and "Their Silver Wedding Journey" are chiefly, after all, "sentimental guide books," with but the slenderest thread of story, just enough to hang upon in the first case the delightful descriptions of Niagara, the St. Lawrence and the rest, and in the second case the bits of German travel.

Here in Boston and Cambridge at this commemorative time we think particularly of the significant part of Mr. Howells' life which was our peculiar possession. Many of us persist in identifying him more with Boston than with New York, and still hold something of a grudge against New York for drawing him away. There were three successive homes in Cambridge—Sacramento street, Berkeley street, Concord avenue—and there were the years in Louisburg square and Beacon street.

"Suburban Sketches" is a Cambridge book; and nowhere else, save in Lowell and Higginson, has the Cambridge atmosphere been so well preserved in literature. Never surely was Harvard Class Day so vitally and memorably pictured as in "April Hopes." A dozen of the novels, and among them the best of all, are almost as full of Boston as Dickens is of London. The first story of all, "A Chance Acquaintance"—for "The Wedding Journey" was only half a story—begins in the anti-slavery home in the Western Reserve like Howells' own home there and moves on, as he himself did, to Boston. He, like Kitty Ellison, found out that there was much in Boston besides associations with Faneuil Hall and New England Transcendentalism; but with all our faults he loved us still, and so we are sure he ever will. The Boston to which he came in 1866 was certainly to the literary man the most interesting place in America, at its most interesting period; and of this memorable time there is no other picture in our literature so appreciative or so complete as that in "Literary Friends and Acquaintance." The chapters on "Literary Boston as I knew it" and the special chapters on Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell and other "Cambridge Neighbors" are contributions to our literary history for which we cannot be too grateful.

It is not only for his pictures of Boston that we here are specially his debtors, but for his many pictures of New England life outside of Boston. "The Undiscovered Country" takes us to Harvard and Shirley, Annie Kilburn's "Hatboro" was Westboro, and the home of the Lady of the Aroostock was in the Connecticut valley; and these are but a few of many illustrations. When people wondered at the accuracy and delicacy of Howells' pictures of New England village life, he well said that there was no trouble or difficulty about that, for he had grown up in a New England village, which was the truth, for those little towns in the Western Reserve, as Garfield, the near neighbor there of the young Howells, once said, were all peopled by New Englanders and preserved the type better than most places in New England itself under the conditions which had here ensued.

To story and poetry and essay and travel one could wish, since there is no limit upon wishing and almost none on Mr. Howells, that there had also been added something of history; for among our historians only Parkman, whom he loves so well, could have written with equal fascination. Wherever he does touch history, as in "Three Villages," he shows the hand which must often surely have felt the invitation to larger exercise. What could be more welcome than a book from him upon the Venetian Republic, unless indeed it be a book upon the Founding of Ohio, as the most significant illustration of the movement of New England into the great West?

He has written a little book about Ohio for young people; and he wrote a life of that other Ohio president, Rutherford B. Hayes.

"A Hazard of New Fortunes" begins in Boston and moves on to New York, as Mr. Howells himself was doing at the time, and seems therefore a kind of sad farewell to the Boston period, although on the other hand a strong inauguration of a distinctly deeper note in his books, the significant new emphasis upon social problems and obligations which came with his closer studies of Tolstoi. Perhaps no single book better illustrates this new emphasis than "The Traveler from Altruria," one of the most subtle, satirical and salutary measurements ever made of our actual social usages and institutions by the political and religious standards which we vaunt. But almost all that he now writes is instinct with this lofty social gospel; and the writing which is in lightest vein deals often the heaviest blows.

Everything which Mr. Howells ever wrote indeed has been written with a purpose. Always the artist, and almost always the humorist, he has always been moralist and lover of his fellow men; and the moral purpose and the service of society have in the later years taken ever more pronounced, profound and powerful place. Tolstoi and Dickens did not take more deeply to heart the great needs of our common humanity, and they did not serve with more conspicuous fidelity and courage the commanding causes of their time and place. The rights of the unprivileged man, the poor man, the man in prison—the sympathy of Dickens himself for such was not more constant nor more keen. No unpopularity nor poor social fashion checked his condemnation of the judicial murder on general principles of the so-called "anarchists" of Chicago twenty years ago. He has frankly and simply from that time to this declared his sympathy with many of the contentions of the socialist; he is the outspoken champion of woman suffrage; and he is the firm and steady warrior against war, especially against his own people's sins of that kind, like the Philippine iniquity. Emerson himself did not have a more godly hatred for a bastard "patriotism" cloaking every national ruthlessness and pride. Never was a truer American citizen and patriot; but he has solemnly warned us to remember that "there are greater words in this world than patriotism, and among them are civilization, justice and humanity." Wherever evil has needed to be stigmatized, wherever justice has needed a spokesman, and wherever a fellow man has needed a helping hand, there, at whatever cost of time and strength, he has been found, in the spirit always of love, of democracy and of religion. It is because of his depth more even than because of his breadth that many of us chiefly love and admire him. High as is the value of his books, he is himself greater than they; and in commemorative hours like this, when we drop our poor reserves, we bless him openly not so much for what he has done as for what he is. EDWIN D. MEAD.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.—Longfellow.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

Undoubtedly the most interesting political event of the twentieth century, and possibly—who can tell?—the most important since the French Revolution, is the uprising in the Celestial Kingdom in behalf of a republic. It is interesting to note that in the Orient as in the Occident an epoch-making event of this kind must find expression in poetry. The Chinese revolutionists have their Marseillaise. They went into the battle of Wu Chang singing of Liberty and of Washington and Napoleon as the "sons of Liberty." The song has been rendered into English as follows:

Freedom, one of the greatest blessings of Heaven,
United to Peace, thou wilt work on this earth
Ten thousand wonderful new things.
Grave as a spirit, great as a giant
Rising to the very skies,
With the clouds for a chariot and the wind for a steed,
Come, come to reign over the earth!
For the sake of the black hell of our slavery,
Come, enlighten us with a ray of thy sun!

White Europe! Thou art indeed
The spoiled daughter of Heaven.
Bread, wine—thou hast everything in abundance,
For me, I love Liberty as a bride.

Through the day in my thoughts, through the night in my dreams,
I survey the woes of my fatherland.
But the inconstant nature of Liberty
Prevents me from attaining her.
Alas! my brethren are all slaves!

The wind is so sweet, the dew is so bright,
The flowers are so fragrant,
Men are becoming all kings—
And yet can we forget what the people are suffering?
At Peking we must bow our head
Before the wolf of an Emperor!
Alas! Freedom is dead!
Asia the Great is nothing else but an immense desert.
In this century we are working
To open a new age.
In this century, with one voice, all virile men
Are calling for a new making of Heaven and earth.
May the soul of the people rise to the peak of Kwang-tung!
Washington and Napoleon, you two sons of Liberty,
May you become incarnated in the people!
Hin-Yun, our ancestor, guide us!
Spirit of Freedom, come and protect us!

—*Current Literature.*

IT WAS WINTER.

It was winter, and the wood was bleak and grey;
There was portent in the vastness of the night;
But on the waiting earth enchantment lay
That set the trembling East aglow with light.
A violet unclosed, a maple stirred,
A dreaming river woke a drowsy bird,
At dawn a robin soared aloft to sing—
Lo, it was Spring!
It was winter in my heart ere you were there,
It was night upon my thorny, upward way;
I stretched my hands out through the dark in prayer
And dreamed the faltering dawn had hinted day.
Then blind tears veiled mine unbelieving sight,
God set thy love like stars within my night,
And at thy touch, my soul awoke to sing—
Lo, it is Spring!

—*Myrtle Reed.*

DARK IS THE PILOT-HOUSE

Terried across the bay at night,
I cannot see who stands
Before the wheel and guides aright
Our course 'twixt sundered strands,—
Twixt traffickings of sister prows:
Dark is the pilot-house.

Our earth-ship which hath seas abroad,
And soul more vast than seas,
Think you it saileth space unshored,
Plunged forward rudderless?
When clashed night's million starry prows?—
Dark is the pilot-house.

R. K. Munkiltrick.

THE PULPIT

Chinese

An Address Delivered by Frederick Starr, at Abraham Lincoln Centre on Sunday, March 3, 1912

I think it is interesting to notice how our point of view regarding the Chinese has varied from time to time. The outside world in its first contact with recent China was impressed by its queerness; by its topsy-turvy way of doing things; by the fact that in most respects it was different from ourselves and in many respects was just the opposite to ourselves.

There is a series of adjectives by which we might characterize the China of different times; and I am sure there was a time when the outside world would have thought of Chinese as *queer*—"queer Chinese."

The idea of "queer Chinese" gave way in course of time, and instead of "queer Chinese," the world thought of the *"wicked* Chinese," the Chinese who need to be made over after our pattern, the Chinese who were heathen, whose views were wrong, whose philosophies were unsound and who needed missionaries.

And then there came to be very quickly a time when we looked upon the Chinese, not so much as queer, as wicked, but as *unsupplied,* we will say. We thought of the Chinese as needing cottons and linens and tools and machinery and things from the outside world; the unsupplied Chinese were the object of thought to our traders.

Then there came a time when *"undesired,"* perhaps, would apply best to the Chinese. We did not want them to enter our country; we passed seclusion laws, barring them from California and from other parts of the United States.

And it seems to me that just now, perhaps the adjective that we most think of in connection with the Chinese is "dreaded, feared." I suspect the world today has a nightmare regarding the Chinese; I presume that an attitude of dread and fear is the real attitude of the outside world toward the Chinese,—the "queer," "wicked," "unsupplied," "undesired," "dreaded" Chinese.

I suppose that all through this time when they were queer, when they were wicked, when they were unsupplied, when they were undesired and when they were dreaded, most people would have said that they were changeless; the one thought that everybody has had in connection with the Chinese has been that the Chinaman was stagnant, that he was sleeping.

Now, make no mistake. China never has been stagnant; China never has slept very soundly; there has never been a time when China was not trying experiments; there has never been a time when China was not in contact with other nations; there has never been a time when China was so conservative that it was undergoing no change. Just now the world recognizes that China is not so stagnant, is not sleeping, is not so changeless as they have been in the habit of thinking; we all realize that China today is seething with thought and speech and action.

There are some facts in regard to Chinese that I have thought I would bring you and I will bring them more or less in the form of "catch words."

I want to speak first in regard to Chinese claims to respect, for after all China is destined to have the world's respect, and she deserves it. She deserves the respect of the world first on account of her overwhelming magnitude. Think of her population! There is, of course, tendency to belittle the numbers in China at the present time. We are assured on all hands that we have made mistakes in regard to China's enormous population. We are told that the estimates have been frightfully large, and when we ask with some anxiety how many are left, they tell us it is doubtful whether China has more than 315,000,000 or 320,000,000 of souls within her borders; even so she has more than twice the population of the entire empire of Russia, the greatest empire in the world of white men; it is more than thrice the population of the United States with her 8,000,000 dark people in the Philippines, whom we include as a part of the American population, when we boastingly speak of the ninety millions of people in the United States. Even three hundred and twenty millions is a respectable number in comparison with our great population.

I suppose most of us have been impressed with certain qualities of the Chinese,—the poor, miserable Chinese who have come to this country and who have labored in subordinate and undesirable positions and in disagreeable work in the United States. They are industrious, and they are frugal. I am sure that even those who hate the Chinese and fear them, will admit instantly and immediately that they are industrious and frugal, and frugality and industry entitle any population to respect. We must respect China because she is industrious and because she is frugal.

China is crowded to overflowing and one of the things which entitles China to respect, grows out of her overflowing condition. We go to the Philippines, and in the Philippines we work as little as we can; we hire as many servants as we can to relieve us of our labor. We speak of Philippinitis and by and by in speaking of a man we say that "he has stayed beyond his boat." What does that mean? It means that you and I cannot go to the Philippines and retain our vigor and enterprise and pulsing life and brilliant hope. I am familiar with white people in tropical Africa; I have seen a good many of them, representatives of different nations and divisions of our white folk, and I do not hesitate to say that any danger of white people occupying tropical Africa as a population is slight indeed; our white people do not prosper under tropical conditions, we find it difficult to make success there, except through the energy and the labor of the natives.

But, now, notice: The Chinaman has gone into the Congo Free State to build railroads, he has gone into southern Africa to dig gold from the mines, he has gone into Cuba to do cooley labor, he has gone into that pestilential region, Yucatan, to raise hennequin for white men, he has gone into the Philippines, he has gone into every part of the world, into cold climates, into hot climates, into the tem-

perate zones—and everywhere the Chinaman retains his vigor and enterprise and industry and makes a success. That is a remarkable thing. I know of no other population that can do it; that can migrate anywhere, everywhere, and retain its vigor and enterprise as the Chinese do.

There is another thing that he does just as well as maintaining his vigor and enterprise, his frugality and industry, no matter what the climate may be. Everywhere the Chinaman goes, he can marry with the native women and he can produce children that are a credit to himself and to the mother,—children that can live, children that can thrive and prosper. I know of no other population that can so happily mix and marry with the other bloods of the world as the Chinese. It seems to me that a people that can so easily go everywhere, a people that can so easily mix and marry, and adapt itself to surroundings and produce good children is entitled to respect. China is entitled to respect because it is the great migrant nation of the future; the nation which can swarm off to anywhere, live happily, work well and leave children that will flourish and advance. Such a nation is entitled to admiration and respect.

Sometimes I am asked why it is that the Chinese do so well. There are many reasons, of course. One reason is that because China is so crowded and the Chinese are so poor, they have been selected as few other populations upon the globe have been. Crowding *does* select; you know that where there is the greatest struggle for existence the weak die early; it is good for the race; it has been a good thing for China that there has been this struggle, this selection; with the exception of the frightful results of opium, forced in by Christian bayonets, the physical condition of the Chinese today is superb.

These, then, are some reasons why Chinese are entitled to respect. Their numbers, their industry, their frugality, their advantages as colonizers—ability to withstand any climate and still to flourish and to leave behind them vital, energetic, vigorous children—these are great things.

Sometimes we speak of China as "the long-lived Empire," and it is of the long-lived Empire that I wish to say a word or two. I do not know how far back it goes,—four thousand years perhaps, perhaps more. The Chinese are not indigenous to China—they came from farther West—but they have lived there a long, long time.

What has caused the Chinese Empire to endure while other empires have risen and fallen? I suspect the chief reason is that they look at life differently from us. I presume the difference is in what Miss Simcox calls "domestic civilization." I presume it is largely due to what Percival Lowell calls "impersonality." Percival Lowell wrote charmingly about that impersonality. He used to say that the difference between the Oriental and the Occidental was that the Oriental is impersonal while the Occidental is personal; by which he meant that the Oriental is not particularly individual, and that the Western man is so. He illustrated his ideas by drawing interesting deductions from language and from other sources. Much of his illustration was false, but the point he makes is a good one. There is a difference between the Oriental and ourselves in the matter of individuality. We are individual, yes; we are selfish, yes; every man, every woman, every child grows up thinking of his or her own future, of struggle through life for self. That is our idea. It is not the idea of the Oriental. In the Orient, every man is lost sight of; the man belongs to the family to which he owes everything. The man himself drops out of existence if it is for the benefit of the family; it is his duty to do so. If the group to which he belongs needs his services, the man must give them ungrudgingly, without thought of himself.

Now, the man who lives constantly with that thought of his relations in mind—the man who recognizes sovereign and subject, father and child, brother, friends, wife and husband— the man who recognizes those relationships and simply asks himself, What is my duty in connection with relationship? the man who from the time he is a child constantly has set before him the claims of relationship; such a man occupies a very different position with reference to the community from what we do, and it is this which has made China a long-lived Empire. Its very basis is altruistic. It is the fact that China is what Miss Simcox calls "domestically civilized," where each is merged in the group, instead of as in the West where every man has individuality, that China has been the long-lived Empire.

Why did Japan gain her war against Russia? She had not the money or the men or the prestige; she had nothing, except the fact that the individual counted for nothing. Have you ever thought about the meaning of Port Arthur? Have you ever wondered what white army could have been thrown up against those batteries to be mowed down by thousands? No white army ever did such a thing as Port Arthur; no white army ever will do such a thing. It was a yellow army, a yellow army brought up with the ideas of domestic civilization and with the thought of the group. There is a difference, a very great difference in ideas. If that difference ceases to mark the East, and if the Chinese cease to be domestic and altruistic, China will crumble as the empires of the past have crumbled.

There is a very common expression which we often hear nowadays, the "yellow peril." Prof. Ross of the University of Wisconsin has recently written an interesting book in regard to the Changing Chinese, In that book he discusses the subject of the "Yellow Peril," which he says is threefold. As we hear the expression a great deal nowadays, it is well to get clearly in mind what is meant by the term "Yellow Peril."

China must overflow; with that overflow she will crowd the rest of the world. Perhaps she will overflow into Europe or into America; perhaps she will destroy the conditions now existing throughout the world—that is one phase of the "Yellow Peril." There is a second phase. China may perhaps develop an army, and if she really does devolop an army, even out of the reduced population of three hundred and twenty million souls, it will be a threatening army. The third phase of the "Yellow Peril" is that China may enter into industrial com-

petition with the rest of the world. With her teeming population, cheap labor, industry, frugality, she may perhaps destroy the commerce of Great Britain, Germany and America; she may undersell us all and drive us out of business. Prof. Ross discusses these three phases of the "Yellow Peril," and thinks that on the whole we may rest securely in our beds, notwithstanding the "Yellow Peril" which looms large in the eyes of many nations and which is responsible for the dread and fear with which the world looks upon China.

A bright Japanese once wrote a book in which he developed an expression to offset the term "Yellow Peril;" his expression was, "The White Disaster."

The "Yellow Peril" may be a figment of the imagination, or a nightmare of the future, but the "White Disaster" is a reality as every thoughtful man of the yellow race knows full well. The "White Disaster" may affect China as it has affected other regions.

Just now, the outside world has much influence with China; just now the West is popular in the Middle Kingdom; there is almost as much danger from the "White Disaster" in China as there was in Japan, where, alas, it has been fully developed. The future of China is threatened by the "White Disaster."

Let me illustrate what I mean by the "White Disaster." I noticed one or two of my audience looking a little in doubt when I spoke of the good results for a community from sharp selection. China runs great danger of relaxing this selection. There was a time when thousands, millions, died in China because they were defective; died in childhood. There is danger for China in the future, in the protection and perpetuation, according to Western notions, of the unfit in a community. I am not sure that you understand what that means. I do not know that you have ever thought what would be the effect upon a community, especially a crowded community, if a serious effort is made to perpetuate the unfit. Let me illustrate it by mentioning one phase of mission work that has taken place in China. You all know of the establishment of hospitals by mission organizations over there; and, of course, everybody admits the value of hospitals. I would not have the hospitals among ourselves abolished, but I am not confident that the introduction of hospitals into a population of three hundred and twenty millions of people, crowded upon a relatively small area to a degree that is not found in any other part of the whole world, is an advantage to the community; I doubt it.

Among the most beautiful and graceful forms of philanthropy and kindness which foreigners have shown to China is the establishment of specific hospitals for the treatment of opium-users. I do not know much about opium-using; I am not prepared to say to what degree the practice of opium-using is destructive to the Chinese; I am willing to assume that it is as bad as has been claimed. It has been frightfully on the increase among the Chinese of late years, and I think one of the reasons is because various missions have established beautiful hospitals for the care and treatment of those who have indulged in the opium habit.

Let us see how it works. Here is a population that is crowded almost to the point of starvation; here are men, women and children who have to struggle for their daily bread; here are many who fall by the wayside, notwithstanding the fact that the influence of the whole group is brought to bear to help them; among such a people as this, there presents itself a custom, a habit, which in itself is an enjoyment,—it takes away the suffering of the moment, it blinds to the future, it gives dreams, I suppose wonderfully beautiful and delightful. How did the Chinese themselves use to deal with opium fiends? When a man really had used opium to that degree that he was a burden upon the community, perhaps violent, perhaps worthless, he would be put into a place of confinement; we have shocking word-pictures of such and of the wretched victims. Their pitiable condition aroused sympathy and mission hospitals were founded for their treatment.

Now, notice. We pay a premium to the man who indulges in weak and vicious practices. We take a man who was restrained from using opium, only by the fact that he would be despised and hated by those around him and perhaps be fastened in a cage as an example and a horror; we say to such a man, "Use opium as long as you please. When you get through, here is a hospital where you will have a bed such as you never dreamed of in your honest, decent living. Here is food, such as, if you were living at home a hard-working and respectable man, laboring for your wife and children, you could never hope to enjoy. Here is care and treatment such as you never could expect in the natural environment in which you live."

Is it wonderful that the missions which have established such hospitals, say, "We haven't room for the cases that are crowding on us; we must have more room, more places, in order that we may take in the unfortunate victims of this frightful habit."

The "White Disaster" threatens China by reducing the selective agencies which the social organization had naturally developed, and tends to weaken the nation and the race through such weakening of selection.

In the second place, the "White Disaster" is dangerous to China in the direction of education. China, of course, has always made a fetich of education, almost as much as we have done in the United States—yes, quite as much; and now, China is throwing aside her old education of which she made a fetich, and she is setting up a new fetich in the foreign education. In the olden time she examined students in the teachings of Confucius before she would give them government office; today the student must have a degree from a university, or institution of western type, before he may gain an office.

I believe the time will come in the United States when we shall think less of book education than we do. I believe the time will come when we will recognize that many people will wisely not try to gain a high school education, but will go to work at the end of the grammar school; the time will certainly come when we shall hold that too many persons go to college; it is certain that the time will come when we shall feel that too many students are taking graduate courses in our universities. In other words, our fetich-making of public education in the West has had its day. But it threatens China and it is a serious threat. When a new style of education, borrowed wholly from countries different in ideas, ideals, customs and lines of thought, takes the place of the old so abruptly and comes to be made a fetich, there is great danger.

The "White Disaster" for China is a very real one

in the matter of development of selfish personality. Oh, how real it is in Japan! The heart of every friend of Japan bleeds when he sees the way in which individual selfishness, result of Western influence, is being developed in the Island Empire. When that individual selfishness is developed in China, with its seething, crowding population, you will have a hell on earth, which, thank God, is not existing at the present time.

Then there is disaster in the matter of the disturbance of peace. We are always fond of saying that the Chinese are unwarlike, that it is doubtful whether we can ever replace the peaceable nature of the Chinese by military spirit! That has been the main comfort of him who fears the Yellow Peril. I have just been reading Ross's History of Corea. In it we have a picture of the peaceful condition of China for two thousand years, down to about the year 1500 A. D. I can assure you I have rarely read so bloody a story; if, when one gets through reading that book, he can feel that there is any very serious significance in the present peacefulness of China, he sees deeper than I can. But there is a "White Disaster" possible right here; the relative peacefulness of China today *may* give way to militancy under white influence.

At the present moment China occupies a large share of the public thought. Our newspapers are full of news from China, our magazines teem with Chinese articles, and the names of prominent Chinese are on our tongues. There are three names that I am sure almost all of you will recognize as soon as spoken. They are Sun Yat Sen, Wu Ting Fang and Yuan Shi Kai. I presume that a large majority of this audience could tell me who these three men are and what they have done within the last few months. Do you know that that is really an astonishing thing? Could you tell me the names of three important Frenchmen? Could you tell me the names of three promintnt Germans, at the present moment? Could you tell me the name of the Emperor of Russia? And yet I believe that most of you *could* tell me these names, these unnatural-sounding, disagreeable and very foreign names of three great Chinamen! Isn't that a marvelous fact? It shows that China is really looming very large; it shows that tht people are thinking about China a good deal more than they ever thought of her before, and that the Chinese are feared and dreaded not a little.

My last "catch word" is "the Great Republic." That is the name of the new China,—so we were informed in the paper, the other day. You know within the last year we have had all sorts of people,—missionaries, traders, politicians, diplomats, travelers, literary men, uniting in one chorus. They all unite in saying that China cannot be a Republic; she is not fit to be a Republic; she needs the iron hand of an emperor.

If China is incapable of becoming a Republic, her future is indeed very dark, because she is incapable of becoming a united empire. Never again. If China is incapable of becoming a Republic, where each of the great division is *represented* in the government, it looks as if it would be very hard to hold them together; it certainly would be impossible for any *emperor* to hold them with his iron hand. "The Great Republic" is composed of five divisions—China proper, Mongolia, Manchuria, Tibet, and Turkestan. A Republic, organized on a confederate basis, with local government for local interests, and a federal government for general interests, may perhaps hold these five great regions together; no other governmental form can possibly do it. It is "the Great Republic" or it is dismembered China, one or the other.

What China lacks is unity; she has no conception of a great nation; the common people do not know about those things; they *do* know all about petty jealousies; they know their little local interests. Mongolia is separate from Manchuria, and Tibet is separate from China; but they *might* unite.

A few years ago every one was saying, China will be dismembered, she will be cut to pieces, and each of the great nations will take its share; at that time I said, the quicker that is done the quicker we shall have a united China.

There are two ways by which unity can be developed in China. If Mongolia and the other four divisions have their assemblies and local government and still unite with the others in a confederacy, unity may be developed in that way. But, if they cannot so unite, it is certain that Tibet and Turkestan, Manchuria, Mongolia, and China will pass into other hands.

Suppose they do; suppose China were dismembered and that the powerful nations of Europe each receives her share. In that case we should have German China armed for German interests, French China armed for French interests, English China for English interests, and Russian China for Russian interests. But would they be armed with French and German and Russian and English soldiers? Never. They would be armed with Chinese soldiers, and when these had been trained with Russian money and drilled with German officers and developed by French leaders, do you think they would fight for foreigners—French, German, English? Dismemberment is the quickest way to develop Chinese unity.

The future of China lies not in an empire, ruled with an iron hand; it lies either in a confederacy with local government, with a gradual development of unity because of the recognition of local interests, or else it lies in dismemberment, with the training of China for the Chinese by foreign leaders and with foreign money.

THE PIPER

I will take my pipes and go now, for the bees upon the sill
Are singing of the summer that is coming from the stars.
I will take my pipes and go now, for the little mountain rill
Is pleading with the bagpipes in tender crooning bars.

I will go o'er hills and valleys, and through fields of ripening rye,
And the linnet and the throstle and the bittern in the sedge
Will hush their throats and listen as the piper passes by,
On the great long road of silver that ends at the world's edge.

I will take my pipes and go now, for the sand-flower on the dunes
Is a-weary of the sobbing of the great white sea,
And is asking for the piper, with his basketful of tunes,
To play the merry lilting that sets all hearts free.

I will take my pipes and go now, and God go with you all,
And keep all sorrow from you and the dark heart's load.
I will take my pipes and go now, for I hear the summer call,
And you'll hear the pipes a-singing as I pass along the road.

—*Donn Byrne.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

CHILD LABOR AND EDUCATION

(Continued from Last Week.)

One of the most important topics of discussion was the need for minimum wage boards. Dr. John A. Ryan, of St Paul, Minn., said that although in his judgment there would soon be a universal eight-hour work-day for women, and a sixteen-year age limit for the employment of children, the raising of wages is a more difficult problem, as no beginning has been made. Legislation is the one remedy. The state should provide boards to fix minimum wages, as in Australia, for men, women, and children.

He declared that there was nothing unreasonable in the demand, and his suggestions were reinforced by Mrs. Kelley and Mrs. Trumbull.

Mrs. Trumbull, secretary of the Child Labor Commission of Oregon, said:

The next reform in Oregon will be the establishment of minimum wage boards, by means of the initiative, if the legislature does not provide them.

She protested against the segregation of children into separate classes, in any development of practical training in schools, as tending toward class distinction.

The closing address of the conference was delivered by United States Commissioner of Education P. P. Claxton, who expressed the heartiest sympathy with efforts to relieve children from grinding labor. Approaching the subject from the educator's point of view, he urged practical steps in the revision of the school curriculum which should both enrich and lengthen the period of education. He argued that if some plan could be devised by which, without exploitation, children might contribute to the material welfare of the family at the same time that they were being industrially educated, both their lives and the interests of the community would be enriched. As a specific suggestion he proposed the scheme of agricultural education in mill villages, which should continue through the year, giving especial attention to the raising of garden stuffs during the summer months under the immediate supervision of the public school teacher. He urged that the policy of mill agents who go through the rural communities and mountain homes offering cash wages to those who, while living in simple comfort on the mountain sides, probably never had $50 in their lives, was a powerful incentive. After these families reach the mill villages they soon awaken to the fact that rent, grocery bills, increased cost for clothing, and other items of expense more than offset the difference in wages and lay upon them an ever-increasing burden of poverty. It is not unnatural therefore that these families in desperation are eager to exploit their little ones to save the family from disintegration. He stated his belief that a solution of this problem in most cotton mill towns could be found by putting into the schools teachers who know city and town agriculture; who know how to cultivate soil in the best way; who know how to inspire confidence; and who work as fathers would work with their own children and make the out-door garden life a part of the educational scheme. Dr. Claxton was able to mention two or three places in which something of this kind is being tried out, and although he acknowledged that the plan would probably not work in metropolitan centers like New York, the principle might be in some way applied as a relief of the home-working and street-trading abuses that prevail in lage cities.—*Owen R. Lovejoy, Secretary National Child Labor Committee, in the Survey.*

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has seldom given us a more human and interesting exhibition than it is now showing in the arts of the immigrant peoples. It proves that these strangers from the East and the North do not come to us without dower of taste and beauty and the associations that cluster about precious inherited things. And it suggests the thoughtless lack of care and appreciation with which we have been neglecting these inherited tastes and aptitudes, letting them quite die out in the swiftly Americanized second generation and replacing them with next to nothing at all. In this fascinating room you wonder whether we are not engaged in a gratuitous multiplication of Philistines. Suppose a body of immigrants from "the old American stock" (whatever that may be) of the West were asked to loan some city museum of Saskatchewan their heirlooms and art productions, could they make half so fine a show as this?

It is considered unpatriotic, I believe, to allude to any lack or failing of one's own people. But I have wondered sometimes whether my good countrymen did not think with a real degree of complacency of their own too common lack of taste or appreciation of beauty and their lack of skill in the finer arts and crafts. Men used to say that the only beauty the Puritan cared for was the beauty of holiness. I will not stop to comment on the evident fact that enthusiasm for this kind of beauty has fallen to a low ebb among us but confess gladly that it is the pearl of great price, worthy to be paid for at the price of all other charms. But did the Puritan obtain it for the price he paid?

He did—and he did not—about in the proportion of other kinds of people. There was a special price to pay for his special ideals, as there always is. In his case it was the price of want of symmetry. He had the main constituents of beauty-making well in hand—appropriate use of honest materials—but even in his character there remained elements of painful labor, or scorn for others that detract painfully from the final effect. Yet when all is said there are no more stately figures in English history than those of the more reposeful of the Puritans. Not following beauty for its own sake, they came upon her unawares. And who so surprised as they to think an unpretentious thing should be called beautiful!

This Museum showing of the beautiful things that the incoming peoples have made or treasured reminds us of the permanency of craftsmanship that comes from the devotion of the heart of man. I grant at once and sorrowfully that all putting of the heart into creative work does not assure its permanence. Moth and rust and the vandals do their work. There are decadent times and foolish peoples. Stupidity labors at stupid things with wonderful patience and enthusiasm. Have you not seen a devoted soul spend months in marring good linen with good silk to make a hideous cushion? There are statues in our public places on which their makers spent a world of toil that make us laugh at their ineptitude or weep at their waste of opportunity. But the most striking lesson of art history is that oblivion yawns for mediocrities. Along comes selecting Time and sweeps aside the follies, sifting and storing up what it can save that is permanently good and beautiful. Let the eccentrics have their day. Life will attend to them in its own good time.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Tower Hill Encampment and Summer School

FOR 1912

Twenty Second Season

THE ENCAMPMENT will open as usual on the first day of July and close to guests on Wednesday, September 18.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL will open with Public Services on Sunday, July 14, and will continue in session until Sunday, August 11, 1912.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Conductor.
Bertha M. Howe, Secretary and Treasurer.

CLASSES IN RELIGION LED BY MR. JONES. FIVE STUDIES WEEKLY.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ELDER WORLD, being the second year's work in the seven years' course. Topics, Egypt, Babylonia, the Hittites, the Phoenicians, India including the Vedas, Ramayana, the Mahabaratta and the Bhagavad Ghita, Buddha and Buddhism, Zoroaster and the Parsee, Confucius and the Chinese, the Greek, the Mohammedan, the Japanese and the Shinto Faith.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE—By Mr. Jones. Porch Readings and Evening Lectures will take note of the centennial years of Charles Dickens and Robert Browning. To the former will be given three lectures: As Novelist, as Sociologist, illustrated by Little Dorritt, as Democrat, illustrated by The Tale of Two Cities.

NATURE STUDIES—Bertha M. Howe will, this year as last, lead the studies in the natural life of the hill,—Flowers, Ferns, Birds, Insect Life. Talks in the pavilion, supplemented by field walks and excursions. This has always been an interesting feature at Tower Hill and Miss Howe's cottage is one of the early ones and her long residence has given her the opportunity of mastering the Flora and the Fauna of the hill.

MUSICAL STUDIES—Mrs. Charles Carroll Brown, of Indianapolis, will continue the class in Musical Analysis and Interpretation, illustrations to be given at the piano, and by Miss Edith Stanton Brown on the violin. The constant relation of musical art to life will be shown in these studies. The Library at Tower Hill has been promised books from the Wisconsin Traveling Library Commission bearing especially upon this work. The course is designed to aid those whose interest in music is cultural rather than technical. The experience of the last two seasons has fully demonstrated that the "Browns of Indianapolis," mother and daughter, with their assistants, are able to edify and instruct the trained and untrained ears that are willing to listen.

THE TOWER HILL CONGRESS will hold its Fifth Session this year at Portage City, Wis., under the old management, during the last days of August or the first days of September. The Tower Hill contingency will drive across the country. The program, as usual, will be in charge of Miss Lutie E. Stearns of Madison, Wis., assisted by Miss Zona Gale and other Portage ladies.

THE SUNDAY GROVE MEETINGS. One Sunday this year will be given to the cause of Woman's Suffrage, the program being in charge of the state officers representing that cause.

INFORMATION

Tower Hill is situated on the Wisconsin River in Iowa County, Wisconsin, 35 miles west of Madison on the Prairie du Chien Division of the C., M. & St. P. Ry. Helena is the flag station, at which all trains will stop for Tower Hill guests. Tickets can be bought and baggage checked to Helena. Helena is also a summer office for the Wells Fargo Express Company. Mr. Jones is agent for the express company, ticket and baggage agent for the railroad company, and Postmaster of the summer post office at Tower Hill, which will receive two mails daily.

ACCOMMODATIONS.—The Tower Hill Pleasure Company own and control the Dining Hall, Ice House, the Pavilion for Public Meetings, the water works, which supplies the purest of water to all the cottages and a few long-house rooms, and there are always some of the cottages to be rented. The Dining Room is supplied with fresh vegetables, milk, cream and for most part butter from the garden and barn yard of the Jenkin Lloyd Jones farm adjoining. Applications for rooms or cottages should be made early for the accommodations are limited to about 80 guests.

TERMS.—Board $5.00 per week. Board and room in long house $8 per week. Cottages, accommodating 4 or more, for the season, $50.00 and upwards.

Transportation to and from station, ten miles distant, 50 cents. Trunks, 50 cents. Satchels, Packages, 15 cents.

The Spring Green Livery will furnish horse or auto-carriages to guests on telephone call.

For Further Particulars, Address, until July 1, Miss Edith Lackerstein, Superintendent Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

After that date address same at Tower Hill, Wis.

(For further particulars see opposite page.)

A TOWER HILL LETTER

My Dear Old School Friend:

I am wondering if the lengthening days have brought to you, too, a realizing sense that some day summer will be here again, and you and I will be close onto our hard-earned, all-too-short vacation. You do not need to be reminded of our last discouraged talk as we parted three years ago to go to our widely separated school-rooms. We said then, we will not, even for the pleasure of being together, waste our precious holiday moments in the sort of places we have struck during the last few years—in barracks called hotels, where you can hear your neighbor four rooms away, snoring all night after his arduous day's fishing, where the tinkling piano never ceases its rag-time jingle, where the corridors and porches are the playground of uncontrolled children, where the young folks drive their mothers and themselves to nervous prostration in the rush for "fun," and ride rough-shod over the comfort of everybody else in the process, and, barring embroidery, dress, and criticism of the table, the elder women—those of our class—are doomed to what Mrs. Deland calls "arid stretches of the unspeakable dullness of idleness." No, my dear, Home, sweet Home, even in a big, hot city is better, and there we will spend our summers until we find just "the right kind" of place that we hope is waiting somewhere for "our kind." Something of that kind, my friend, was the ultimatum, and, SISTER, I HAVE FOUND IT,—at least I am pretty sure I have, so, begin right now to make your preparations to spend every possible moment with me on TOWER HILL, and now I will tell you all about it. I made my wonderful discovery while on a flying visit to my Aunt at Dodgeville, Iowa Co., Wis. She was just starting for a Woman's Congress Meeting at Tower Hill, and I never can thank her enough for taking me along. We found there, on a beautiful, wooded hill-side overlooking the Wisconsin river, three miles from a soda fountain or a piece of chewing gum, a little bunch of men, women and children who not only are, evidently, as near perfect happiness as ever falls to the lot of humanity, but are also "doing things" for themselves and the country around them, things that count in character and progress.

Picture to yourself twenty or twenty-five simple, cheap, but artistic and comfortable cottages, dotted here and there over the hillside, embowered in the natural greenery, trees and underbrush so heavy that your neighbor's house is scarcely visible, and your own privacy absolute. Every porch is screened in as a sitting and sleeping room, and has an exquisite view of wood or river, and running water in the house, galore. Oh, do you remember the two—or was it three—quart pitcher of water upon which we practiced our theories of conservation at that last place? Why a lady in one of those dear little nests near the upper edge of the hill told me she took four baths a day during that hot spell last summer, with an occasional extra; that between the wind-mill on the top of the hill and the gasoline engine at the bottom, and the two wells, the supply is practically inexhaustible.

Then such a beautiful country for walking and riding. Hills and valleys, springs and walnut groves, a sure welcome in the Hillside Valley with its noble school buildings, its lovely old "Jones" homes, and its little church that looks is if it grew right there. Yes, I know, my dear, what you are saying to yourself. All those nice things might be, and yet the place be spoiled for you and me by certain people or certain influences not congenial. This colony has been established over twenty years, nearly all the cottages are owned by those who occupy them. Each cottage owner comes there because he—or mostly she—loves the place, recognizes the social and spiritual atmosphere that naturally belongs to such surroundings, and guards and nurtures it to the best of his or her ability. So well do they succeed that artificially, in dress or manners, if it is ever so unfortunate as to lift its head in that climate, withers and dies, and its would-be devotees go elsewhere "next year."

In that blessed country, while enjoying all the pleasures of your own home, you leave behind most of the worries. You have no meals to prepare, but three times a day, (and nobody ever misses a meal, they are too good,) a shady walk down a curving, woodsy path to the general dining-room, where, at sociable, little tables you meet lots of interesting people and, incidently eat vegetables gathered out of "our own" garden within the hour, and drink milk from our own farmer's Jerseys, just over the way and through the patent gate. I have left to the last what I am sure will probably appeal to you the most. There is the dearest little library building, with an open fireplace for chilly mornings and evenings, a wide screened porch overlooking the tennis court and favorite lounging ground, just outside the dining room doors; with several hundred good books and just enough regulation to make it an ideal place to spend—any number of quiet hours.

Then all over the hill there are little porch coteries, combining fancy work and good reading aloud, there are science classes wandering all over the country, searching for and finding wonderful birds, trees, flowers, bugs, butterflies and rocks, and last and best of of all there is the summer school for four weeks in mid-summer, where for a very limited number of hours a day an inexhaustible fund of science, poetry, art, literature and religion is poured out of the heart and brain of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. I shall not blame you if the very mention of summer school frightens you—we have been to summer schools, and we have returned home, exhausted, but this is different. To begin with, Mr. Jones loves the work himself, he has done so much of it that it seems to be no trouble, as somebody up there said it "seemed to do him good to get it off his chest," and as for the class, that same somebody remarked, "No brain or heart, however weary, could help but be refreshed and revivified; one must leave that class a broader, better man or woman, with infinitely better capacity to do life's work. I am told that the Studies in Religion, this being the second year in the seven year course as used in Mr. Jones' own Sunday-school, bring to the class the very cream of religious and scientific lore gathered by Mr. Jones through the last twnety-five years, and brought right up to date.

The science classes in charge of Miss Howe are great for the youngsters, both small and big.

I must not forget the two or three grove-meeting Sundays, when the country folk for many miles around bring their dinner and stay for the two services in the open pavilion, nor the weekly Sabbath sun-down service, short and tender, carrying its benediction of peace and poise.

I can hardly imagine a greater contrast than that which exists between these quiet Sundays and the hullaballoo of Saturday and Sunday at the average resort swamped with the poor creatures straining widely to make the most of their one short holiday.

Dost like the picture? If so, let us decide early, and secure one of those dear little cottages if we can.

There is no hotel—thank goodness. There are a few rooms in two and four roomed "Long-Houses," belonging to the Tower Hill Company, and a very few cottages for rent for the season. Of course, one of the beauties of such a place is the absolute absence of crowding, and so I understand the management will draw the line pretty sharply this year, to keep the numbers within certain limits.

I hope that we have found what we have looked for all our lives, a simple, sane, wholesome, inexpensive opportunity for rest and recreation of body, brain and heart. Will you come and try it?

January 3, 1912. Yours for the Simple Life, Lydia.

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